
Title: The Raven - Volume II

Author: Edgar Allen Poe.

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"Prophet!" said I,
"thing of evil prophet
still, if bird or devil!
By that Heaven that
bends above us by
that God we both adore
Tell this soul with
sorrow laden if,
within the distant
Aidenn, it shall clasp
a sainted maiden
whom the angels name
Lenore Clasp a rare
and radiant maiden
whom the angels name
Lenore."
Quoth the raven
"Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign
in parting, bird or
fiend!" I shrieked,
upstarting "Get thee
back into the tempest
and the Night's
Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume
as a token of that lie
thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness
unbroken! quit the
bust above my door!
Take thy beak from
out my heart, and take
thy form from off
my door!" Quoth the
raven "Nevermore."

And the raven, never
flitting, still is

sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of
Pallas just above my
chamber door;
And his eyes have all
the seeming of a
demon that is
dreaming,
lamp-light o'er him
streaming throws his
shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out
that shadow that lies
floating on the floor
Shall be lifted
nevermore!

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The End.

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